

Making You Mine

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Making You Mine

by [asarcasticwitch](#)

Summary

Relief washes over Derek like a calming wave. "Oh, baby," he sighs, brushing his knuckles down the side of the boy's face, smiling faintly—a smile reserved only for Stiles. "I couldn't give you up now, even if I tried." He cups his mate's chin, a possessive grip, urging him to look upward. "You're mine, Stiles, and you will be for as long as you want to be."

Notes

Bloody hell, it's been a little while, huh? Long enough that I've forgotten how tags work, so if I've missed anything, let me know.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

It takes every last ounce of control Derek possesses not to mark that gorgeous milky flesh, to close his mouth over his mate's throat and suck until he whimpers, and purple marks form like bruises on a peach.

Chapter Notes

If you see any lingering mistakes, just think of them as extra seasoning, 'kay?

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“I’ve figured you out, Derek Hale.” His name drips off Stiles’s tongue like warm honey; sticky, slow, and sickly sweet. “You like me. You’re just too proud—or scared—to admit it.”

Derek’s eyebrow ticks upward, and he hopes to fuck that his dry expression hides how his heart is pounding against his ribs and his jeans are growing uncomfortably tight. "That so?"

Stiles's pouty lips curl into an impish smirk. Lips that Derek has lately begun to imagine kissing or fucking his cock into. Lips that were created for sarcasm and wit, but also pure sin.

Pink.

Plump.

Perfect.

Derek’s jaw clenches, his hands balling into fists at his sides. The boy stands a hair’s breadth away, so close to touching, his lithe body swaying as if resisting a strong magnetic pull.

"Uh-huh."

Derek's vision bleeds electric blue the second Stiles's mouth brushes against his—featherlight and teasing. The delicious essence of *mate* consumes his senses, and nothing bar Stiles's protest could stifle the primal instincts kindling inside him.

Fire ignites low in his belly, the flames licking hot and intense up his spine, and after months of resisting the insistent pull, his resolve finally crumbles to dust.

Derek fists handfuls of Stiles's shirt and slams him against the wall with enough force to startle the air from his lungs. "I'd be careful when baiting a wolf, Stiles," he purrs into the boy's neck, his fangs extended, skimming over the long expanse of delicate pale skin in warning. "I could so very easily rip your throat out with my teeth."

It takes every last ounce of control Derek possesses not to mark that gorgeous milky flesh, to close his mouth over his mate's throat and suck until he whimpers, and purple marks form like bruises on a peach.

But it wouldn't be enough.

The temptation to *claim* is already overwhelming, and with the salt of his sweat seeping into his tongue, Derek wouldn't be able to resist. *Fuck*, it would be so easy, so satisfying to sink his fangs in deep and taste the boy's sweet, ripe nectar, but he'll reign that desire in. He can't risk scaring his mate away.

Not so soon.

Violent shudders wrack the boy's frame, and the heady scent of *want* drifts off him in thick, intoxicating waves. He lets his head loll back, giving Derek more access to scrape his stubble across the skin above his pulse point, the vein throbbing as if enticing him to take a bite.

Stiles snorts, but it fails to reach its mark. "Is that a promise?" The words rasp from his throat like a wanton prayer, and it would take a fool not to detect the hope in his voice.

Derek should have known Stiles wouldn't shy away from the cravings of a wolf.

He lifts his gaze, glimpsing past Stiles's smug grin to meet his golden eyes, shimmering with lust. Derek releases a low rumbling growl, relishing in the moan it draws from his mate. "You're going to be the death of me," he slurs through bared teeth, and it's all he can say before descending.

Devouring.

The way he kisses Stiles is hungry. Frantic. Fierce. There's an urgency behind each sweeping lick of Derek's tongue, and though it's their first kiss, and he should be savoring it, being gentle, he can't. He's like a man starved, high on the drug that is Stiles-fucking-Stilinski.

Derek realizes, in that moment—as the boy clutches onto his shirt like he wants to tear it at the seams and kisses back with all he's worth—that nothing he's ever experienced could be compared to this. Just hearing, and *feeling*, the beautiful sounds escaping his mate's mouth—sounds that Derek greedily chases with his lips and swallows down—is already more addictive than anything.

He can only imagine what it'll feel like to bury his cock into Stiles's tight little hole and have him sobbing with pleasure.

It'll be Derek's ruining.

He's not mad about it.

Derek knots his fingers in the boy's hair and tugs, tilting his head for a better angle to thoroughly plunder his mouth. Judging by the hiss Stiles lets out, it stings, but the noise quickly tapers into a throaty groan before Derek can muffle his apology. The boy reeks of desperation, his arousal seeping into Derek's pores, so he tightens his grip a fraction more, his cock pulsing as the sound Stiles releases vibrates against his lips.

The boy is clumsy, messy in his need to reciprocate, but Derek wouldn't want it any other way. To think, for six years, they could've been doing this. *Six whole years*, Derek has missed out on everything that this delightful human so keenly offers him now.

He wants everything, to have him completely. He's waited so long for the right time, for the right moment, not wishing to ruin the friendship that's gradually sparked between them, but with Stiles arching into him, moaning like a whore, Derek reckons they've long since crossed that line.

Stiles's eagerness seems born of so much more than a desire to be fucked. He's invested; mind, body, and soul. He's already surrendered himself—*when*, Derek might never know, but it doesn't matter.

Stiles already belongs to him; all Derek has to do is *take*.

He grabs the boy's ass with his free hand, bringing him closer, so there's not a sliver of space left. And *shit*, it's a nice ass. Of course it is. It's round and soft, and Derek can't resist squeezing the globe in his palm, imagining how the cheeks will bounce as he pounds into him.

Christ, have mercy.

Stiles breaks the kiss, head tipping back with a guttural moan as Derek grinds into him, seeking friction for his aching cock. The boy's red, swollen lips hang open, glistening with spit, and Derek takes advantage of his daze to ascend on his mate's throat, his jaw, his collarbone, nipping and licking any hint of bare skin he can reach.

He wants to taste every inch of his boy, to break him apart with his mouth, piece by precious piece, until he's a trembling, incoherent mess beneath him. He wants to know every spot he has to touch to have fireworks dancing behind his mate's eyelids. He wants to hear every pretty little sound, bask in their untamed melody, and learn exactly how to coax them free.

He wants...

Fuck, he wants—

"Wait."

His mate's near-silent gasp feels like an icy claw clamping down on Derek's neck, stilling him instantly. He lost himself, entranced by lust, by *affection*. The emotions whirring inside him are both frightening and hypnotic. Too big, too strong, too much. He's about to burst out of his skin, but if Stiles isn't ready to take the plunge into the forever, then he'll force himself away.

He'll wait.

"What's wrong?" He searches the boy's face for signs of discomfort. "Did I hurt you? Is this too much? Too soon?"

"No, no, I just—" He dips his head, the gaps between his moles flaming an endearing shade of pink. "This isn't gonna be just a one-time thing, right? Or am I reading this totally wrong?"

Relief washes over Derek like a calming wave. "Oh, baby," he sighs, brushing his knuckles down the side of the boy's face, smiling faintly—a smile reserved only for Stiles. "I couldn't give you up now, even if I tried." He cups his mate's chin, a possessive grip, urging him to look upward. "You're *mine*, Stiles, and you will be for as long as you want to be."

Stiles's mirroring grin could light up a city; the sheer force of it weakens Derek's knees. "Forever then?"

Derek's expression darkens, vision tinting with flashes of blue as his smirk turns feral. "Forever it is."

He swoops in for Stiles's lips again—sealing the promise with a kiss. It's too toothy, too harsh, but it's *them*. Their passion is raw and unhinged, carnal and frenzied. There's no delicacy.

No hesitation.

Derek slots his thigh between the boy's legs and takes each of Stiles's wrists in his hands, trapping them against the wall. Stiles's hips jerk forward, an involuntary reaction to the taunting pressure, but he doesn't do it again.

If Derek had to guess, Stiles is conscious of appearing too needy. He's warring with himself—Derek can almost hear the cogs churning in his brilliant mind, conjuring up visions of unpleasant, unsexy things to delay the inevitable. Well, as it happens, Derek wants him needy. He wants him so desperate that his limbs develop a mind of their own.

The last thing he wants is his mate holding back.

"Take what you need, baby," he encourages, pressing his leg harder against the boy's hard, clothed length, reveling in the choked whimper he gets in return. "Let yourself go."

Stiles nods dumbly and starts rocking his hips with more purpose. It's slow at first but gets more and more frantic until he's all but rutting against Derek's thigh like a bitch in heat. His head is thrown back, spit gathering at the corner of his mouth as he sucks in breathless gulps of air.

Derek can't help the smug inflation of his chest.

"Can I mark you?"

"Fuck yes," Stiles pants. "Bite me, bruise me, mark me. I don't care. I—*ah*—want everything."

"You're so fucking perfect for me," Derek rumbles and latches onto the boy's neck, closing his lips over Stiles's pulse point—where the mating bite will be.

Stiles whines as Derek sucks, his hips bucking more urgently, chasing release. The rich, spicy scent of his lust fills the space between them, and Derek can sense how close his mate is to falling apart. It's beautiful. It's maddening. It's... too soon.

Derek retreats.

His leg leaves the warm V of Stiles's thighs so suddenly there's a second where the boy's hips carry on undulating into thin air. His mate cries out, a look of betrayal and hopeless desperation on his pretty face.

Derek smirks. Stiles calls him a bastard.

It's glorious.

Once his mate is no longer tiptoeing the edge of orgasm, Derek releases his wrists in favor of gripping the back of his thighs and lifting. His werewolf strength takes the weight with ease, but Stiles still flails—because of course he does. There's something between a squeal and a grunt ringing between Derek's sensitive ears, but thankfully the boy gets with the program, hooking his legs firmly around Derek's waist and holding on tight.

Derek presses him into the wall again, giving his ass another appreciative squeeze before running a hand up his mate's smooth, lightly toned stomach, feeling the muscles ripple and tense under his touch. He reaches one of the boy's pebbled nipples, and Stiles shivers in anticipation.

Derek's caress is featherlight and barely there, but goosebumps begin to prickle the surface of his mate's milky skin, the boy gasping at the tickle. In an instant, Derek rucks up the boy's t-shirt and dives down to drag his tongue over one rosy pink bud.

"Der... *please*."

And he doesn't need any more permission than that.

Derek takes the nipple into his mouth and sucks. *Hard*. And the wanton moan that leaves Stiles is nothing less than pornographic, and every whimper that follows will be Derek's undoing.

He nips and bites until the nubs are red and puffy, reveling in the litany of curses tumbling from his mate's filthy mouth. He pinches the other between his thumb and forefinger, eliciting an almost reverent cry of his name—aimed toward the heavens.

The sweetest prayer.

Stiles whines when Derek withdraws from his chest, but the noise morphs into a hiss as his shirt drops, the cotton grating against his bruised nipples. Derek chuckles darkly at Stiles's reaction, squirming uselessly as their closeness restricts the movement—Derek's sheer size boxing him in. He looks so small, so vulnerable, so fragile. It has Derek's instincts going haywire, the dominant, growly voice in his head agitated with its need to protect, to provide.

To *possess*.

"Please don't stop. I'm begging you," Stiles whines, and it's music to Derek's ears.

"I know you are, but I want to see your face as I make you come." One-handed, Derek rips open Stiles's jeans, the metal button pinging somewhere unimportant. "You're so close, aren't you, baby? I can smell it on you. I bet I could have you spilling without even touching your cock."

"Please."

Despite his words, he palms the boy's throbbing length through his boxers, groaning at the heavy weight of it in his hand. He strokes up and down every glorious inch of the clothed shaft, his thumb skimming over the wet spot at the head.

But it's not enough.

Though Derek is enjoying the tormented mewls coming from the boy, his own desire to see Stiles's cock bare wins out. He crooks his fingers inside the waistband of his mate's boxers, gaze flicking up in search of approval. When Stiles nods and swallows thickly, Derek shimmies the fabric down, not too much, only so they cling to his thighs just below his balls.

Derek looks his fill, eyes hungry, mouth-watering. Fuck, it's big. It's *really* big. It's not as thick as his own, but it's longer and matches Stiles to a tee. Tall and lean. The tip is the same shade as the boy's lips—*pink, perfect*—and it shines with slick.

He resists the compulsion to lower Stiles's feet back to solid ground, and drop to his knees for a taste—even when it jerks as if to beckon him into action. Beads of precum dribble down the side, following the protruding vein until they nestle in the thatch of dark curls at the root.

He swipes his finger through the clear trail, the skin searingly hot and silky soft—and so hard it must hurt. *That* is a cock Derek would fucking love to ride; he can imagine it splitting him open so fucking good, but not tonight. Tonight he has a specific, primal desire, which involves his mate's face smushed into the mattress with his ass in the air.

Some other time the role will be reversed.

Definitely.

Derek ignores Stiles's choked whine as he moves his hand away to trace the plump curve of the boy's ass. Kneading the round, supple globe is even better without a barrier. Derek can dig his fingers in, dimple the flesh, and leave his marks behind.

And Stiles loves it.

The boy's breathing is stuttery and uneven, his heart rate bordering on manic. He smells like sex, lust, and impatience. It's delicious. Watching him cant his hips, back bowing obscenely as he thrusts into nothing is a religious experience. Derek wants more of it, so he gives in and dips his finger between Stiles's cheeks, the pad grazing over his twitching hole.

Stiles gasps, clinging to Derek as if his life depends on it, rocking into the light pressure against his rim, sighing with every touch. Derek rubs circles into the clenching muscle, gently at first, but—encouraged by his mate's keening—presses down harder and harder until the familiar spicy scent of the boy's impending climax fogs Derek's senses.

"I wanted to take you apart slowly," he laments, voice so harsh with arousal he almost doesn't recognize it. "Tease you until you couldn't bear it anymore—until you were sobbing." Stiles shakes with his need to come, his face slack in bliss. It's stunning, easily the most beautiful sight Derek has ever seen, and he wants to frame it. Hang it on the walls of the Loft like the artwork it is. "But I can't wait."

"Derek..."

"Come for me."

Derek sinks his finger inside the tight heat to the second knuckle, and Stiles comes. It's explosive; it's loud; it's fucking euphoric. Derek's name tears from the boy's throat, and blunt, human nails bite into his shoulders and biceps. Stiles's pretty cock pulses and pulses and pulses, painting his shirt with stripes as some drips onto the floor.

Stiles clamps down on Derek's finger as the aftershocks hit him, chasing the sensation, and Derek lets out a groan only a wounded animal could make.

It's too much.

It's way too much.

The smell of his mate's come, the sight of him shivering, and the sound of his breathy whimpers has Derek's release barreling into him, catching him off guard. He'll be embarrassed about coming in his pants later, but right now, he doesn't care. He can't describe how it feels being the only one to have ever seen Stiles in this state—and to have been the cause of it.

Derek hunches forward, huffing wet growls into the crook of Stiles's shoulder as his muscles flex and bunch. He spills into his jeans, fangs extending and retracting with each dizzying tremor. They rest against Stiles's thundering pulse; a threat, and a promise.

Stiles *will* be his.

The boy whines from overstimulation, and Derek removes his hand, placing it on the wall for leverage as he basks in the glow.

For a while, the only sounds are their synchronized heartbeats and heavy pants, their chest rising and falling in an unfaltering rhythm. Their scents mingle, a strong cocktail that Derek

wants to bottle up and pour down his throat—drink every last droplet until his thirst is quenched.

He's enamored.

He's devoted.

He's *bound*.

Derek belongs to Stiles, body and fucking soul.

“’m sorry,” Stiles croaks, the faint yet tell-tale sign of embarrassment creeping into his sated scent.

Derek snaps up, studying his mate's reddened cheeks and the meek tilt of his head. He frowns. “What for?”

Does he regret it? Had Derek crossed some unspoken line? Was he not ready?

Shit. Shit. Shit—

“I couldn’t last.”

... oh.

All the air in Derek’s lungs hisses past his teeth as he relaxes, chuckling softly. “Neither could I.”

It takes a second to pull his head from the clouds, but Stiles's eyebrows rise when Derek’s meaning finally sinks in. He looks down, breath hitching at the damp patch darkening the front of Derek’s jeans. “You— Wow.”

Derek kisses the side of his mate’s lax mouth, loving and tender, bringing his attention back up to him. “And you never have to apologize for anything like that, baby.”

“But— I wanted you to fuck me.” His mate pouts, and Derek can't help swooping in to kiss him again.

“We've got the whole night for that.”

Stiles smiles, dopey and come-drunk, and Derek mirrors the gesture. He leans back a little, his eyes honing in on the mess of his mate. He salivates, mindlessly wetting his lips as his hand moves without instruction, his finger wiping through the come soaking into Stiles's tee. Before the boy can voice the question that's causing his forehead to wrinkle and his cute button nose to scrunch up, Derek brings the digit to his mouth and sucks it inside.

Stiles releases a choked squeak, fresh lust billowing from him like smoke surrounding a flame. “That... should not be as hot as it is,” he groans, his enchanted gaze tracking each sweeping flick of Derek’s tongue.

Salt and musk burst across Derek's taste buds, and his cock gives an eager twitch. "You taste incredible."

Stiles sags, head thumping hard against the wall. "*Christ*, I know that I'm still young, but you're killing me. I need a chance to regenerate before you start doing—and *saying*—shit like that."

Derek lifts his brow in playful accusation. "Well, I'd say you're obviously ready for more if you can still talk in complete sentences."

His mate giggles, and it's adorable, throwing Derek a ridiculous wink as his honey eyes sparkle with challenge. "You'll probably have to fuck me into the mattress to make me completely speechless, wolfy."

Derek's hand lurches forward, fingers curling around Stiles's vulnerable neck, pressing firmly. Stiles gulps, the cords in his dry throat bobbing under Derek's extended claws. He gives his mate a brief scratch, delighted when the beautiful boy's lashes flutter and his eyes roll.

"Get your perfect little ass on the bed," Derek purrs, voice laced with command. "And I'll do exactly that."

Chapter End Notes

Mating sex will happen in part two. I promise. Derek just decided to fuck up my plans and go in a different direction. It's fine. I'm not mad.

Hopefully, I'll be back with the next part soon!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Wow,” he murmurs, the word almost silent, reverent. “I’m so lucky.”

Derek's grin is a feral thing, he can feel how it twists his mouth and exposes his teeth. He prowls closer, crawling up the bed toward his mate, looming above him. “I’m the lucky one, baby.”

Chapter Notes

Here's the mating sex that I promised all those months ago, sorry about that.

Anyway, this isn't edited because I just wanted to write some smut, get it out of my system, and post, so if you see mistakes, just pretend you didn't, okay?

I don't think I need to add any extra tags, but if I've missed anything major, let me know.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Stiles chuckles again, that melodic, happy sound that has Derek’s cock throbbing—and standing firmly to attention once more. "Why don't you make me, Big Bad?"

Fuck.

Derek snarls as he secures his grip on the boy's ass and peels away from the wall, carrying Stiles across the room. One of his mate's legs is curled loosely around his waist, while the other dangles, heel knocking against Derek’s thigh with every step. Either he trusts Derek not to drop him, or he's still too boneless to hang on tight. It doesn’t matter which.

Both options make Derek’s belly heat.

Primal desire races through him, and he doesn’t even register his actions before prying the boy's arms from around his neck and throwing him to the bed. Stiles hits the mattress with a startled gasp, legs akimbo, chest heaving, but a cloud of sugary-sweet lust wafts from him at the rough treatment. Derek steps back to whip off his own shirt, his pants and briefs following in a graceful swoop. He disposes of them somewhere unimportant as he stares, drinking in the disheveled sight of his boy, eyes hungry to devour.

Stiles's heartbeat picks up pace at the attention, his soft, pink tongue peeking out to wet his lips. He tears his eyes away—blush furiously red—to shamelessly glance over Derek's naked body. His gaze roams from his chest down to his cock, lingering a moment, rolling his lip between his teeth when it throbs to entice him before trailing back up again.

His pupils are alight with need.

"Wow," he murmurs, the word almost silent, reverent. "I'm so lucky."

Derek's grin is a feral thing, he can feel how it twists his mouth and exposes his teeth. He prowls closer, crawling up the bed toward his mate, looming above him. "I'm the lucky one, baby."

Stiles's reply comes in the form of a smile, a beam so bright it's almost blinding, radiating so much warmth and contentment as if Derek has just put to rest all his insecure thoughts. Derek's heart grows three sizes because of that smile, he's sure of it, thundering against his ribs as it is while he blinks down at the boy, stunned to silence.

"Der?"

Stiles's voice is tentative, small and unsure, pulling Derek right out of his daze, but before the ray of sunshine has the chance to dim, Derek cups the boy's cheek in his large hand, caressing gently. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Stiles's expression softens, and he cranes forward, placing a tender, lingering kiss against Derek's chin before relaxing into the pillows once more—with his swan-like neck tilted intentionally. Derek can't hold himself back, can't deny himself the pleasure of ducking down, and peppering indulgent kisses along the boy's jaw. The wolf under his skin rumbles in approval as his mate displays his throat even more in submission.

Derek latches onto the sensitive flesh and *sucks*.

"Do you want to be mine?" he whispers against the purple mark, waiting for Stiles's breathless mewls to cease before asking, "Do you want to be claimed?"

"Yes." Stiles's voice flutters over Derek's cheek like an angel's wing. "I want you; I want all of you."

Derek lifts his head, studying his mate's face for any sign of regret or hesitation. He finds none. "Do you know what that means, Stiles?"

"Mates."

Beautiful, clever boy.

What blood isn't in Derek's cock, pounds in his ears. He swallows the lump in his throat, his body trembling with the force of restraining the predator clawing inside his belly. "You're sure?"

Stiles nods, his golden eyes wide and full of conviction. "Make me *yours*."

The fire in Derek flares, and he descends, plundering the boy's mouth with his tongue until they're both panting and breathless, until the sweet, muffled moans against his lips grow more insistent, more impatient. The cloying scent of their combined arousal is driving his wolf delirious, getting headier the closer the boy's explorative touch gets to where Derek yearns for it most. It's as if his mate is tuned into Derek's inner struggle and delights in tormenting him.

But of course he is.

He's perfect.

Stiles's movements are slow, curious, his expression one of feigned innocence as his doe eyes peek up through his lush lashes. Derek has to stifle a whimper, biting the edge of his tongue as Stiles curls his fingers around Derek's cock, giving a few languid strokes. A moan escapes him. He can't help it; the sight, the feel, the smell is just too much. His mate's fingers are like sin, wrapped around him obscenely, the pressure of his fist perfect as it glides up and down.

The tell-tale signs of release tingle in Derek's balls.

"Stiles," he growls under his breath. "You'll have to stop if you want me to fuck you."

Thankfully, his mate listens, but Derek doesn't get a chance to calm his heart rate before the boy's thumb swipes over the leaking head, gathering the beading slick and bringing it up to his mouth. Stiles's groan of appreciation has Derek choking on his spit, gaze fixed on that wet tongue as it darts out to lick the finger clean.

Fucking torment.

"Come on then, wolfie," Stiles says with an impish smirk. "Fuck me."

Like a man possessed, Derek hurriedly rucks up the bottom of the boy's shirt, eager to drag his rough touch over warm, smooth skin. But Stiles's muscles tense under his palms, the mildest hint of nervousness creeping into his scent. It's enough to freeze Derek's progress, eyes flicking upward. "Will you let me see you, baby?"

After a pause, Stiles takes a steadying breath and nods, the tautness in his shoulders easing some. Only when the boy utters a near-silent "please" does Derek lift his shirt up and off completely, discarding it onto the floor.

He curses under his breath as he's rewarded with a constellation of moles across broad shoulders and lean muscle, down over the curve of a slim waist and prominent hips. He follows the delightful tuft of hair climbing from navel to cock, barely resisting the urge to lean in to inhale the concentrated scent. "You're delicious, Stiles. I could just eat you up."

Stiles melts further with the praise, his body sagging and all traces of tension leaving him as he exhales. Derek looks his fill, gaze dark and predatory in his exploration. The boy's pants and boxers still cling to the tops of his thighs, his hair sticks out in every direction, and his pretty, amber eyes are hooded with lust. He's coated in a thin sheen of sweat, and every inch of his skin has turned a blushing shade of red.

He's a mess.

A gloriously wild and perfect mess.

And he's all *Derek's*.

"Take off your jeans for me," Derek purrs as he rises to his knees, leaning toward the bedside table to grab the bottle of clear gel waiting there.

Stiles is still scrambling to rid himself of his pants and underwear when Derek returns to his position. The boy's enthusiasm is ungraceful, but Derek can't help finding it endearing. He flings the lube on the bed and helps wrench his mate's twisted clothing from around his ankles.

Finally, he's gloriously bare, all long limbs and snow-white skin, and when Derek looks up from drinking it all in, he knows his eyes are blue, his teeth a little too sharp to be human. The boy squirms, desire blazing from him as Derek crawls up his lean body, slow and calculated, eliciting a whimper at his wolf-like movements.

Prey.

He blankets Stiles—traps him—dropping down until skin meets skin but keeping the bulk of his weight on his elbows. Stiles releases a soft gasp as their hips meet, his cock hard and leaking as he fails to gain friction to relieve the ache.

"Are you going to be good for me?" Derek slurs into the curve of the boy's ear, hushing his irritated cries by circling his hips and dragging out the most delicious noises instead. "Will you let me open you up with my fingers, so I can fuck you?"

The hiss blown through Stiles's clenched teeth sounds like a "yes."

Derek noses along the pulsing vein in his mate's throat, over the spot he'll claim with his fangs soon enough. "I can't wait to pierce your sweet neck, to have your blood on my tongue." Stiles's scent spikes, rich and musky, and Derek's head swims, high on ambrosia, his heavy cock pulsing between his legs at the intoxicating smell. "To see my mark exactly where it belongs."

"*Fuck*, that's hot."

Derek chuckles darkly. "I knew you were perfect for me."

"Please, Der, do *something*."

It takes Derek a beat to come back to himself, shaking his head to clear the fog and retract his shift before uncapping the bottle and coating his fingers in slick. He circles the boy's hole, and Stiles bucks at the cool touch, begging for more. It's like a spell that Derek can't refuse, so he places his hand on Stiles's hip, keeping him still, as he works one thick finger inside.

He groans as Stiles swallows him deeper and deeper, his body desperate for anything to fill it. His walls are hot and soft—so fucking soft—and Derek imagines them clamping around his

dick, hugging him tight, keeping him locked inside. Huffed little moans fill his ears, sighs of pleasure that mix with the contentedness and honey-spiced lust that Derek wants to wrap around him and never escape.

Derek isn't sure how long it takes before one finger becomes two, two becomes three, and Stiles's opening is supple and stretched. He lost track of time as his mate sobbed so prettily, his legs gradually falling open, relaxing with every thrust inside him. He displays himself fully—his earlier reservations forgotten—trembling as he eagerly chases each sensation.

Derek preens at the trust and works harder to give his mate earth-shattering levels of pleasure. He sucks at the boy's pebbled nipples, licking and biting until the little buds swell and puff up, all red and raw like his greedy hole. He keeps a punishing rhythm on the boy's inner sweet spot, receiving high-pitched mewls that have Derek's smirk curling against the abused flesh beneath. "Is it too much for you, baby?"

"Please, I—" Stiles's plea is broken by a silent moan, his back bowing off the mattress. He's glistening with sweat, his limbs restless as he barrels toward relief. "Oh, God, 'm gonna—*Fuck*, Der, I'm—"

Derek removes his fingers, leaving the poor boy's hole clenching on nothing. "Not yet, you're not," he tuts, and the most adorable look of betrayal flashes over his mate's tear-stained face.

Derek does feel a little guilty.

But *only* a little.

Stiles shrieks bloody murder, scrambling blindly for Derek's hand, but it's no use. "Please, Der," he whines. "Please, don't leave me empty."

His mate's wrecked plea spears straight to Derek's dick, and he doesn't waste another second—can't possibly even try—before rearranging their position. He curls the boy's knees over his forearms, almost folding him in half, opening his legs impossibly wide, and settles between them. Stiles complains mildly, but once Derek notches his cock head against his slick, gaping hole, he seems to forget the contortion.

Derek bites into his bottom lip, ignoring his wolf's impatient snarls and the desire to sheath himself in one swift thrust. He manages—with every ounce of restraint he has left—to go slow, focusing on his mate's body language for any signs of discomfort.

It takes a while before he's buried to the hilt, sinking inch by torturous inch to give Stiles a chance to adjust to the stretch. His claws have long since extended, tearing into the sheets to ground himself, something to channel his primal energy, so he doesn't just rut into tight heat with abandon. He's never felt anything like it, and he knows nothing will ever compare. His vision even goes a little blurry, his instincts fighting to take over, but he shoves them aside, growling under his breath in a last-ditch attempt to stay sane.

Though he feels anything but.

Stiles's cock twitches against his abs, dripping profusely as Derek begins to move at his insistence. Small gasps break from the boy's lips whenever Derek hits deep, and shivers roll through his body with each graze over his prostate. He's so responsive, so needy. He clings to Derek's shoulders like he wants to be molded to him, his grip so strong it'd bruise if he were human. He's giving over everything he has so freely, submitting without hesitation.

It's more than Derek ever could have hoped for.

It's more than he could ever have thought he deserved.

Rocking in and out of his mate is indescribable, even at the glacial pace. He's drowning in sensation—it's too much, but not nearly enough. Inside he's burning with feral arousal; he wants to breed, wants to claim and *mate*. He craves the noises he knows he could pound out of the boy; screams, guttural moans, anything other than breathy little huffs. Making love is nice and all, but right now, the baser side of him needs a fast, hard fuck. He wants Stiles unconscious with pleasure. He wants rough and brutal.

He wants to *own*.

Derek's face must be doing something complicated, or it's his fangs nipping into his bottom lip and the tense line of his body that has Stiles's nimble fingers tracing over his stubbled jaw, forcing his gaze upward. "Not that this doesn't feel incredible—because it does—but you don't need to hold back." His eyes bore straight into Derek's soul, leaving him bare and vulnerable. "I can take it. Just let go."

Of course he noticed. He's so smart, so perceptive.

Good mate.

Derek shakes his head, but the action is half-hearted at best. "I don't want to hurt you. You're... breakable."

Stiles smiles fondly, squeezing Derek's chin when his gaze drops. "Der, I trust you with my life. I know you would never do anything to permanently hurt me, so go ahead. Break me, *use me*. I don't care. You can put me back together again." The boy flashes him a filthy grin, and Derek's hips stutter. "Come on, Big Bad, give me everything you've got."

The last thread of Derek's control snaps.

Snarling, he withdraws, barely registering Stiles's yelp of surprise as he flips the boy onto his belly, manhandling him into a presenting position. The flesh under his fingers dimples, Stiles's hips a perfect home for his grip as he knees the boy's thighs further apart, rumbling low in his throat when his mate arches his back on instinct. He snakes one of his hands into Stiles's hair, tugging the damp strands until his neck bends obscenely, evoking a strangled groan. He licks a stripe over the pale skin before moving in closer, fangs ghosting over the curve of Stiles's ear. "*Mine*."

"*Yours*," Stiles pants, his heart racing like a rabbit fleeing from danger. "Fuck, I'm all yours, Der."

Derek slams back in, deeper than before, balls slapping against Stiles's ass with the harsh thrust. The boy's mouth hangs open, and he loses his balance, his legs wobbling, nearly collapsing. Derek's hold doesn't falter, but he releases his mate's hair to shove between his shoulder blades, pinning him flat against the mattress.

Then finally... he *takes*.

His hips snap at a ruthless pace, lewd, wet sounds filling the room as he chases a conclusion to the kaleidoscope of euphoric sensation, all six years of pent-up *want* acting as momentum. Derek loses himself to it, a thrall to his senses. He feels drunk, overwhelmed to the point of blindness. He can't explain it, only that every thrust into the welcoming space, carved only for him, brings a new wave of fog that cloaks another scrap of his humanity.

"Such a tight little hole, like a fucking mouth sucking me in," Derek snarls through his sharpened teeth. He can barely make sense of what he's saying, the words distant to his own ears, falling from his throat unbidden. "Perfect mate, letting me take what I want."

Stiles keens as he fists the sheets, knuckles white with the struggle of holding on for dear life. His moans are now hiccups, Derek's name and a litany of curses warbled on his tongue. A familiar blaze ignites at the base of Derek's spine, somehow ten times more intense than anything he's ever felt, but he doesn't surrender. His balls throb in protest as he denies himself the release he so desperately needs.

He wants his mate to fall apart first.

Derek bends over his mate, changing the angle, knowing by the wounded grunts and incoherent whimpers that he's hitting that delicate bundle of nerves on every punch of his hips. Stiles is so close to breaking, Derek can almost taste it.

He grits his teeth.

"I'm so close, baby. I wanna fill you up, but I need to feel you come on my cock first. Can you do that for me?" He tightens his hold on the boy's hips, the copper tang of blood near causing his demise. His claws have pierced skin, but Stiles only moans, his whole body tensing like a well-strung longbow. "That's it, baby. Come for me."

Stiles wails, and his hole constricts, vibrating with violent tremors as his orgasm barrels into him. Derek rears back, howling at the moon before latching onto his mate's neck, tearing through the skin at the dip of his shoulder. Stiles screams, fruitlessly squirming under Derek's bulk—an involuntary reaction to the pain—but then the bond locks into place, and he goes limp, out cold as the tying proves too much for his human body to handle.

The sweet, addictive burst of his mate's blood across his tongue is what has Derek coming; one final hammering thrust, and he's done for. White-hot pleasure coils and erupts in his belly. He convulses, spilling and spilling, muscles seizing as he's hit with a tsunami of crushing gratification, a bone-deep satedness followed by aftershocks that seem to last forever. His vision blanks, everything except thin tendrils of light dancing in the space behind his eyes as he labors to catch his breath.

It is done. They are mated.

A single tear slips down Derek's cheek.

Once the fireworks and dizzying dots subside, Derek—reluctantly—lets his canines retract, the sharpened points turning to blunt human teeth. His tongue laves over the angry mark, lapping up every drop of red dribbling from the wound, loath to waste it, and aiding the healing—the gash will rise and turn into a permanent, silvery-pink scar.

Derek stays nestled inside his mate's body, wanting to savor the feeling of being connected as he carefully maneuvers them to their sides. They slot together perfectly, Stiles's back flush with Derek's chest as he curls protectively around him, stroking the boy's hair until he slowly blinks back to consciousness.

"Holy shit," Stiles mumbles into the pillow, sucking back the stream of drool escaping his mouth. He looks and sounds thoroughly fucked and sated.

Good. Derek wouldn't have been content with any less.

He caresses his mate's blushing cheek, marveling at how the cute little freckles and beauty spots have darkened with the tinge of pink. His eyes also seem brighter, glazed with remnants of tears, and so golden, it's truly hypnotic. Derek wants him again; his dick already stirs with need, and if Stiles's eyelids weren't fluttering with exhaustion, he'd grind against his ass and fuck him slow and—

"So, we're mates now?" Stiles asks, and those filthy thoughts flit from Derek's head, replaced by more tender emotions, gentle things that he never wants to abate.

Derek coils his arm tighter, pressing his smile into his mate's shoulder. Yes, this beautiful boy is *his*. And *only* his. "You are mine, and I am yours. For as long as you'll have me."

Stiles sighs happily, unknowingly sending warm and tingly sensations thrumming through the bond, making Derek's grin widen. "Do I have to bite you?"

The thought makes his cock throb. "If you want to, but it's not necessary."

Stiles hums a quiet murmur that matches his shallow, even breaths. "Maybe 'nother time. Don't think I can move."

Derek huffs a laugh as he runs his finger down the boy's side, tracing the curves of his figure and soothing him further into sleep. "Rest, baby," he whispers, dropping his voice to a husky purr. "You'll need it 'cause you're not leaving this bed until I'm done with you."

Stiles groans, but the spike of fresh lust is unmistakable—especially for a werewolf's nose. "Give a guy a chance."

"I am," he teases. "You've got an hour."

"Der, I think you broke me."

“I hope not. 'Cause I plan on making you come at least three more times tonight.”

The boy whines, but Derek knows it’s all for show, especially with the way his ass clenches around him, making Derek regret offering a reprieve. He ignores it; he can wait. They have all night.

And every night that follows.

“I love you.” The declaration leaves him before he even notices his lips are moving, but he's not embarrassed about it. It feels right. It *is* right. He loves Stiles with everything he is—with his whole damaged heart—and his only regret is taking this long to say it out loud.

"I should fucking hope so," Stiles mumbles, startling an amused scoff from Derek.

"You're unbelievable."

"That's why you luuurve me."

Derek rolls his eyes at his ridiculous boy but presses an adoring kiss to his cheek all the same. "Yes, I do."

Stiles smiles lazily, wriggling to get comfy and relaxing further Derek’s safe embrace. "I love you too, Sourwolf."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

End Notes

I'm nineteen days late, but Happy New Year!

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